

# Private Disasters

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Category: Halo

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2004-10-30 18:17:02

Updated: 2005-02-03 02:23:59

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:45:22

Rating: T

Chapters: 6

Words: 18,088

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Blue team privates come to Blood Gulch to train, but leave Blood Gulch in pieces. Their deaths caused by their stupidity as a crack Red mercenary easily picks them off one by one. Will the Blue sargent whip her men into shape? Only time will tell.

## 1. Welcome to Hell

Charlie: Yo. This is my first time writing a halo fic, so yeah, don't be surprised if it sucks. But, it's a funny fic...based on my experiences in umm...not so good online Halo servers.

Erk: Yeah, because you sucked up the place.

Charlie: No...because the damn newbies don't even know how to shoot a rifle, that's what.

Erk: ...Sure.

Charlie: Shut up. Anyways, this is based on actual games, but I've embellished a bit and added a few made up characters and put in a "plot" to make it interesting. So enjoy.

Erk: And he does not own Halo...whatever the hell that is.

Charlie: ...I gotta get a Halo-based muse.

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Blood Gulch. A boxed canyon with two bases at each end. Not much to see other than rocks and dirt. However, epic battles occur between two opposing forces daily in a civil war so horrible, so bloody, few soldiers dare even mutter the words "Blood Gulch." In this canyon, the Blue team fights for dominance over the opposing Reds. This...is their story.

Private Johnson was one of the eight recruits sent to Blood Gulch to complete military training. He, and all of his comrades, have heard of Blood Gulch's notorious reputation. A reputation for deadly battles, crack mercenaries, and a bewitching drill sargent. As with all new recruits, Johnson was very nervous, so he tried to calm his nerves by chatting lightly with his fellow privates.

"Hey Smith, how long are you here for?" He asked a tall, powerfully built man next to him.

"Six months, you?" Private Smith replied.

"Eight," Johnson said dejectedly. "But I hear that the drill sargent here is hot."

Smith looked bewilderdly at him. "From who?! No one's come out of this place alive for the past seven months!"

Johnson gulped. It was true. For seven months in a row, every contingent of recruits sent to Blood Gulch were wiped out systematically. Johnson had only heard about the beautiful drill sargent through a rumor.

"I had a brother here eight months ago." Johnson lied.

"Ahh, he was lucky," Smith said. "But I wonder why the drill sargent's a girl-"

Just then a sharp voice cut into their conversation.

"You got a problem with that private?!"

Both men immediately turned around face flushed and began stammering like fools.

"Er yes, I mean no sir... I mean sarge...er I mean...no ma'am!" Both men babbled.

The female drill sargent narrowed her eyes and glared down at the two men. "Okay, you two can think about that while doing push-ups, all 50 of them. And I don't want to see any sissy girly pushups." She barked.

The two men immediately flushed and dropped to the floor to begin their push ups.

The sargent then left the two men and stepped towards the middle of the group of recruits, surveying them closely. The privates all looked at her nerviously. She was indeed very beautiful, but her eyes burned with a cold fire.

"Okay, does anyone ELSE have any objections to the leadership?"

Every last man shook his head.

"Are you guys dumb or something?" The sargent barked. "Speak up!"

"N-no ma'am." The privates squeaked.

The sargent sighed. "Wimps..." she muttered. "Charlie, take roll and get them to bed." She snapped before turning on her heels and walking back into the base.

It was then that the privates noticed the man trailing the sargent. He took out a notepad and begin calling out names. After each name was called out. Charlie tucked his clipboard under his arm and gathered the privates, including the now out of breath Johnson and Smith.

"Okay men. I'm not going to kid you or anything. This place is hell redefined. One wrong step, and you'll be dead."

The privates looked grimly at each other. If what the man said was true, then there was a good chance one of them would be dead by tomorrow.

"Okay, now for the formalities. I am Corporal Charlie, and the sargent here is named Emily, but be warned, don't call her by her first name unless you want to die. You will address her by her rank or 'ma'am' at all times. Wake up time is at 5 A.M. sharp..."

As the corporal's instructions droned on, Johnson looked across the wasteland towards the other side. He knew that somewhere out there, the vicious reds lurked, ready to kill any unsuspecting blues. Johnson gluped and turned back just in time to see everyone walk into the base. He quickly ran in with them; he did not want to be the only one left outside during the night.

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Just as Charlie led the blue privates into the blue base, a lone red sniper stood on a cliff, surveying the new privates through his sniper scope.

"Yes," he muttered. "Fresh meat!"

The sniper smiled to himself. To him, new blue recruits equaled a higher body count for him. He watched as the recruits followed Charlie into the base, all except for one daydreamer. He resisted the urge to kill the young man. After all, it was his first day. The sniper knew of Emily's notorious training methods, and he couldn't kill a private without having him go through that torture.

The sniper then tucked his rifle under his arm and headed back to base. Tomorrow, the REAL fun begins.

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Charlie: Whoo hoo, I'm done!

><br>Erk: WHO ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE?!

><br>Charlie: Umm, Patric would be better known to you guys as PMOH Winters. He just wanted to cause pain and suffering. Emily is sorta based off my Section leader...but she's not quite as cruel in real life. I'm me. The rest are just made up noobs.

Erk: AHHH!! -faints-

Charlie: sigh...I lose more muses that way. Oh well, R&R please!

## 2. The Many Faces of Evil

Charlie: Yo, I'm back.

Erk: Me too, and you're supposed to be doing homework.

Charlie:...I'll do it uhh...later.

Erk: RIIIIIIIGHT....that's what you said last week.

Charlie: So?

><br>Erk: And the week before that, and the week before that, and-

Charlie: All right, I get the point, I do it.

Erk: Good.

Charlie: AFTER I write this thing.

Erk: ...-sighs-

Charlie: Anyways, chapter two. The real fun begins! Oh and some events DID occur...you might be able to tell which ones.

Erk: And he doesn't own Halo, again I say, whatever the hell that is.

Charlie: I...REALLY need to get some Halo muses. Meh, I'll do it later.

Erk: AKA, never.

Charlie: Hey, I will. Oh and Emily, if by some way you read this fic. PLEASE FOR THE LOVE OF GOD DON'T KILL ME!!!! This isn't made to make fun of you. I just needed a name for a leader, and somehow your name popped into my head. SORRY!!!

Erk: ...Breathe man.

Charlie: Right...-breathes-

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>Johnson slept fitfully the first night. He knew that after the first day of training, he may never feel comfortable again for the rest of his life, which could last until nine A.M. the next day. Blood Gulch was indeed a scary place. Just before going to bed, Charlie had the privates watch the previous recruits be shipped off. Most of them didn't even have recognizable limbs.<p><p>

The next day, Emily gathered the recruits in the main lobby of the blue base. Today was the first day of training, and she didn't want

to kill them...yet.

"All right guys, you want to fight? Well, here's your chance. The enemies are ruthless. They use all kinds of brutal tactics to kill. But, of all the reds, there is only one man you have to be wary."

><br>Emily then turned towards a pull down poster behind her. Putting her hand on the handle, she said to the rookies. "Gentlemen, look into the face of evil!"

She then yanked the poster down. In the middle of the poster, was a tall and skinny man, carrying a sniper rifle. He wore a dirty black sweater, khaki pants, and had little red markings here and there over his outfit.

Emily then continued with her lecture. "Men, this devil is named Patric. He has the highest body count of any red soldier ever to walk this planet. He is adept with getting head shots with anything from a sniper rifle to a sling-shot. He is clearly the epitome of evil, look, even his sweater screams 'I am evil, fear me!'"

Just then, one private spoke up from a corner.

"Wait, his sweater more or less screams 'I don't do my laundry.'" He said.

As soon as the last syllable faded, a sniper bullet originating from seemingly nowhere flew in and pierced the man's skull, killing him instantly. Emily looked at the dead man and sighed.

"...Karma," She muttered. "Charlie, you know what to do."

The corporal sighed and walked over to the dead man and dragged him out with a very bored expression. The other rookies stared in a mix of shock and horror, if not by the death of their comrades, then by the lack of sympathy shown by their commanding officers. The corporal looked as if dragging out a dead man from blue base was routine work, but knowing this place, it probably was.

"Alright, anyways," Emily continued. "Yes, this man is the cause of the death of the last six contingents of privates here at blue base. He is a formidable opponent, and, lets not mince words here, will kill most or even all of you if you are not careful."

The privates all gulped at her words. None doubted the abilities of this red menace. They all just hope that they would survive their training stint here at Blood Gulch.

Emily continued. "Okay men, today's training is very simple. Four of you will come with me for physical training and terrain familiarization, the rest of you will follow Charlie for weapon proficiency training. Well, what are you waiting for? An invitation? MOVE!"

The privates needed no further encouragement; they quickly divided themselves into two groups and drew straws. The losing group followed Emily towards the front entrance, and the winning group followed Charlie out the back.

At the back, Charlie was leading a group that included privates Smith, Jones, and Jacob towards a large pile of weapons. He stopped short of the pile of armaments and turned back onto the rookies.

"Alright men, listen up. I don't have time to humor you, chances are Patric's out there right now with his sniper rifle just waiting to pick your heads off with those high pressure bullets."

One private spoke up, sounding confused. "Wait, if he's so kick-ass, what's stopping him from waltzing in and slaughtering the whole lot of us?"

Charlie glanced towards the speaker, a fresh-faced 18-year-old named Kevin Jones. "Good question Jones, based on Emily's description, you'd think that Patric could just charge in here with a shotgun and pump us full of lead in his sleep, but unfortunately, Emily gave him too much credit. I learned from observations that this red menace does have a fear. One...single...fear that prevents him from charging into blue base."

"What is it? Do we have a secret weapon?" Private Johnson piped up from the corner.

"Heh, not quite," Charlie chuckled. "But Patric's one single fear is, Emily."

><br>"WHAT?!" The privates yelled out in unison.

'Yes," Chare continued. "The man is an absolute chicken when she's around. She's the only reason this base is standing, and she's probably the only reason I'm still alive."

The privates then exchanged smirks. "Corporal, are you in love with her?"

"Excuse me?" Charlie raised his eyebrow.

"Heh, don't try to hide it!" the privates were now in fits of snickering. "Come on, she's hot, she kicks ass, she's keeping you alive. You so have the hots for her."

><br>Charlie then shook his head and walked towards the pile of weapons. He picked up a light marine pistol and trained it on the rookies. Their snickering immediately died down.

"I'm going to say this once, and ONLY once." His tone turned deadly. "I DO NOT, and WILL NEVER be in love with her, and if any of you hot shots decide otherwise, then I may have to do Patric's job for him."

All the privates trembled in fear and nodded.

Charlie lightly loosened his grip on his pistol and pointed it away from the young privates. "Good, now that we're clear on that lets-what is it Smith?"

"Umm..." Smith squeaked. "I'm sorry sir, but I was wondering...are you gay?"

The other privates around him tittered. Charlie's face turned blood

red, and his eyes burned with anger. He turned around, tossed his pistol away, and armed a rocket launcher. Immediately, everyone leaped away from Smith, who was now trembling from head to toe.

"Please sir," He squeaked. "We're just wondering...because most guys would kill to be with her."

Charlie's scowl deepened and he lightly fingered the trigger.

"Private..." He muttered darkly. "I've known Emily for a while now. I have horrible memories from high school marching band, and army training camp. I am NOT homosexual. If you newbies want to sit here and discuss my love life, then I will be glad to ship all of you home in matchboxes. So unless you want that..." Charlie's voice trailed off, leaving the sentence hanging like a loaded cannon. The privates all nodded and indicated that they will not talk anymore.

Charlie saw their signals, and calmed down a bit, although he still taked through gritted teeth. "Okay, lets get this thing started here." He growled before launching a rocket into a tree, burning it into cinders. He then picked up 3 unloaded pistols and dished them out to the privates, who instinctivly gripped their pistols like a kid getting a new toy. Charlie then grabbed the pistol he tossed away earlier and 3 ammunition magazines. He handed them out to each of the privates.

"Okay," He said, voice completely calm once again. "Lets see how much you know about guns." Then he stood back as he watched the privates attempt to unceremoniously jam their magazines into the pistols. Charlie slapped his forehead. The way these idiots are doing it, they're more likely break the pistol and impale themselves with the magazine. He quickly stopped them, sighing. It was going to be a long day indeed.

"Lets start with the basics." He said, hiding his frustration. "Has any of you guys even TOUCHED a gun."

The privates were about to raise their hands when he added. "And your lazer tag rifles and airsoft guns don't count."

As Charlie expected, the half risen hands of the privates immediately fell flat.

"So," he continued, his a bit peeved. "You guys haven't got the faintest idea how these weapons work."

The privates nodded their heads meekly.

"Dear lord..." Charlie sighed. "We have a long way ahead of us. I just hope it's not that time of the month again."

The privates gave him a dumb look. "So, sir, what is the relationship between you and Emily?"

Charlie's eyes gave a light twitch...

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Emily lead her troupe of four privates, including privates Johnson,

Mickey, Bakers, and Rogers, to the front entrance. At the entrance she halted the privates, and ordered them into a single file line.

Bakers, at the front of the line, was confused with her orders. "Umm, ma'am, not to be disrespectful, but why are we going out one at a time?"

Emily calmly turned towards the private with her icy glare. "You're not here to ask questions private, you're here to follow orders!" She barked.

Bakers trembled under her gaze, but managed to continue. "But ma'am, wouldn't we be safer if we went out together? I mean what happened to safety in numbers?"

"Because," Emily said, carrying the same icy tone as always. "None of you idiots can stand up to Patric anyway, so I figure I let you guys go out one by one and make his job easier."

With that, every last private in that line turned pale. Soon, they were on their knees, begging Emily to spare their lives.

"Oh get up." Emily grumbled. "I hate seeing grown men cry. You'll be fine."

"LIAR!" Bakers screamed in his despair. "YOU JUST WANT TO KILL US ALL!! YOU'RE PROBABLY JUST A DAMN RED SPY!"

Emily's eyebrow twitched ever so slightly. "Okay Bakers, since you want to die so bad, then I'll grant you your wish!" With that she grabbed Bakers by the collar, and tossed him head first out the front door. Immediately, a sniper shot ran out and Bakers fell dead to the ground with a bullet hole in his head.

The rest of the privates huddled in fear, wondering which one would be the next to go? Emily fixed her glare on the huddled men with a look of disgust. "Dirty cowards. If you had done as I ordered, nothing would happen to you!" She said, her voice dangerously calm. Then turning on her heels, she walked calmly out the front door and snapped off two quick shots in a random direction. The privates watched in awe as Emily calmly turned around and waited for the rest of them to walk out. Slowly, one by one, they walked out of the base, and were relieved that no sniper bullets greeted them.

"See?" Emily said. "I may be strict, but I don't play with the lives of my soldiers. Now, please, bury your friend and we'll get started."

The privates worked quickly to bury their departed friend. Just as they were done, they heard a loud explosion from the back of the base. They looked at Emily questioningly. Emily glanced at the source, and looked back at her privates.

"Ignore it, okay, let's go. We're taking a LONG hike around this map, and I want you simpletons to remember every last rock of this place. Got it?"

The men nodded idiotically at her mandate.



"Then lets go." Emily said before setting off for a near-by mountain path. With the privates following closely on her heels.

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Patric cursed as he watched Emily take the rest of her privates into the safty of the mountain paths. It had been a close call. After his first kill, he nearly got his head blown off by Emily's cover fire. He cursed himself for being sloppy, and packed his equipment. It was time to find a new hiding spot. Just as he finished packing, he saw a huge explosion from the back of blue base. He smirked. Although he was on a different team, he knew of the occurences within the blue squad. New privates constantly mistake the relationship of Emily and Charlie, and they absolutely hated it. As the smoke cleared, Patric was already on his way to a new hiding spot. Just as he was about to set up, he saw that a red team drop ship was incoming.

'...it better not be...' Patric thought.

Just then, his radio crackled. It was the captain telling him to report to base. Patric walked slowly back to base, hoping that it wasn't what he thought it was. But as he approached the base, and saw clearly what the dropship carried, his fear was confirmed.

"Fluxing newbies..." He cursed darkly.

Patric scowled. Someone was going to pay for it, so god help Emily's new recruits.

Before, he was just going to kill them. Now, he was going to make them crap their pants before killing them.

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Charlie: Yes, Patric is evil...VERY EVIL! And I have to go to the same school with the guy.

Erk: ...yeah, and he's still your friend.

Charlie: Okay, so he's not ev-

-CRACK!-

Charlie: -dead-

Mind Patric(Borrowed from Kate): -walks out with a sniper rifle-  
FOOL! YOU ALMOST REVEALED MY SECRET!

><br>Erk: What's that?

><br>Mind Patric: ...-raises rifle- You want to join him?

><br>Erk: Err, nevermind. Anyways, please review folks! -Goes to research necromancy-

### 3. Disturbing Afterthoughts

Charlie: I'm back

Erk: And I'm sure no one missed you, and you're still supposed to be

doing homework.

Charlie: Oh shut up, I'll get to it-

Erk: Later, yes, I know, it's always LATER!

><br>Charlie: Hey, as long as I still have good grades, it doesn't matter. Or so says dad...

Erk: ...sigh...

Charlie: Anyways, more real events. I like to dedicate this chapter to one of the characters: Patric. He will be depicted using one of his cheapest, deadliest and most annoying tactic EVER.

Erk: And Charlie still doesn't own whatever this thing's call, Halo. And yes, I know you'll get halo based muses LATER.

Charlie: Right-o

Erk: Sigh...

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Patric stood in front of his rookies, finding himself at a loss for words. If there was one weakness he had it was teaching. He usually killed all newbies before they even get off the plane. Unfortunately, this time he was too close to use his usual excuse of "I thought they were Blue team members." So there he was, the deadliest member of Red squad, stuttering in front of a bunch of newbies.

"...o-okay...l-list...Ahh screw it." Patric gave up. He held out a pistol and aimed it into the crowd of newbies. The rookies were so confused, that they didn't even realize that Patric was threatening them. "Listen up dirtbags, I'm pissed right now, so your sole mission on Blood Gulch is to go guard the damn flag. GOT IT?!"

"Umm," One private spoke up. "How do we do that?"

"Sigh...just shoot every last person who walks in wearing blue."

"But sir," Another private spoke up. "Aren't you wearing blue?"

"No, this is RED."

"I could've sworn tha-"

\_\*\*BAM!!!\*\*\_

Patric stood with a smoking pistol, standing over the former private. "Anyone else confused with colors?"

The privates all shook their heads.

"GOOD..." Patric growled. "THEN GO DO YOUR JOB!!!"

The newbies jumped and meekly nodded, before heading off to guard the

flag.

"Umm, guys." Patric said in a dangerous voice.

"What?" The rookies replied.

Patric stuck a thumb out behind him. "The base is that way."

The rookies flushed. "Oh...right." They stammered. "We just...er, forgot." Then they raced to get into the base, none of them wanting to face the wrath of their commanding officer.

Patric sighed. He was getting pissed at the newbies already, and it hasn't even been 10 minutes. It usually takes 20 to make him mad. He decided to vent his rage on some Blue squad members. Walking over to the supply crate that arrived with the rookies, he grabbed one of his favorite weapons, a covenant design fuel rod cannon, and headed towards the middle left region of the map. He had a job to do, and lets just say he enjoyed his job tremendously.

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Charlie and Emily stood on top of Blue base, looking at their rookies eat their generic lunches. They were considering training topics to cover for the afternoon, and they had a lot to cover.

Charlie was reading out of a large notebook while Emily constantly shook her head.

"Make up your mind damnit!" Charlie yelled, he was getting impatient.

"I can't, what else do you have?" Emily said exasperated.

Charlie sighed. "Umm, the safeties."

"Ohh, read." Emily said a little hopeful.

"Umm," Charlie read. "Rocket safety?"

Emily immediately shook her head.

"Shotgun safety?"

"No."

"Jeep safety?"

"Heck no."

"Ghost safety?"

"NO!"

"Banshee safety?!"

"NO!!!"

"Tank safety?"

"Oh HELL NO!"

Charlie was getting a little peeved by his commanding officer, but he bit his lip and read on. Emily got more and more discouraged as the list went on.

"Rifle safety?"

"No."

"Sniper safety?"

"NO."

"Grenade safety?"

"No!"

"Melee safety?"

"NO!!!"

"Fuel rod safety?"

"Good grief!" Emily exclaimed. "Is there ANYTHING on that blessed list of safeties that won't get US killed?!"

Charlie scanned down the list, and his eyes lit up near the bottom.

"Teleporter safety?"

Emily brightened. "Yes! That works. There's no possible way they can accidentally kill us with that."

Charlie sighed. Sometimes Emily's trust in the newbies' intelligence is very lacking, but it did keep them alive. So the two quickly ate their lunch and jumped down to meet with their squad.

Johnson and Smith were just finishing their lunches when Emily and Charlie called the squad to attention. They groaned. The morning training had been hell for both of them; Smith was nearly fried in Charlie's rocket rampage and Johnson almost fell off a cliff during Emily's treacherous hike across the canyon. They both expected the afternoon lessons to be just as painful.

"Men," Emily called out. "Now, we're going to give you a break."

Johnson and Smith exchanged surprised glances. Somehow the ideas of "Emily" and "break" Does not go together. The two privates listened on in confusion.

"This afternoon's lesson is so painfully simple, that even a retarded monkey can understand it." Emily continued. "Today's lesson is, teleporter safety."

The privates tensed up. Ever since their arrival, every last private has been dying to try out the teleporter. Now it seemed that they would finally get their chance.

"Teleporter safety is very simple." Emily went on. "There is one rule to abide by, and one rule only: never use the teleporter."

Charlie and Emily braced for it. The collective scream of "WHAT?!" was heard throughout the entire canyon. Every last private was on his feet screaming in protest.

"SHUT UP!" Emily yelled while pulling out a shotgun. The privates immediately settled down. "Look guys, I'm not doing this to be anal, it's for your own safety."

"But why?" Smith whined. "Why can't we use it?"

Emily and Charlie exchanged glances. "Oh trust me, there's a really good reason...we'll tell you when we feel that you're ready."

-meanwhile-

Patric stood behind a triangular teleporter exit, holding his fuel rod cannon. He knew all rookies loved to play with the teleporter, so he waited...and waited.

"Come on..." He mumbled. "I can wait here all day; daddy needs a higher body count."

-anyways-

Smith and Johnson were equally disappointed. They had looked forward to the teleporter, and now Charlie and Emily just banned them from using it. Even worse, all the privates have been given patrol duties, and this intrepid pair are ordered to guard the flag, one of the most boring jobs in existence.

"God, this sucks..." Smith grumbled.

"Tell me about it, at least Jones and Rogers got to see the sights!" Johnson grumbled back.

While the two men were grumbling back and forth, Charlie and Emily climbed to the top of a cliff surveying the canyon. Then they each took out empty sniper rifles and began to observe their rookies. Emily sighed. It wasn't the best way, but it was the only way the two can improve the training here. Charlie carefully tucked his rifle and took out his notebook. Placing it carefully on a small rock, he raised his rifle and began to look through the sights again. He hoped that no one would do anything stupid, but as he trained his rifle on the teleporter, he wished that his rifle was loaded.

--

Jones and Rogers were assigned canyon patrol. They were to search the canyon for any anomalies and report back. The two men griped, even though their job was the most exciting, it also required the most walking.

"Damnit!" Jones griped. "Come on man, lets go use the teleporter."

Rogers looked at his friend. "But didn't Emily say that-"

"Who cares what she said!" Jones interrupted. "Do you seriously want to walk all that distance?"

"Well...no." Rogers admitted.

"Exactly!" Jones exclaimed. "Then lets go!"

"Okay..." Rogers agreed, reluctantly. "But it's your fault if we get in trouble."

Jones laughed at his friend's comment. "Oh what could possibly go wrong?" And with those brave words our friend stepped boldly into the teleporter, followed by a reluctant Rogers.

When the two men appeared at the exit, Jones gloated to his friend. "See? Nothing to it."

Unfortunately, he spoke too soon. Just as Roger opened his mouth to speak, his neck suddenly jerked forward and snapped. Jones watched fearfully as his friend fell dead to the ground, but that fear was unmatched to the raw terror he felt when he saw the Red sniper demon standing over him with a dangerous looking cannon.

"Any last words?" The red sniper asked, with a dangerously evil smile.

Jones nearly wet himself at the calmness of his tone. "P-please don't kill me?" He asked meekly.

The sniper laughed. "Yeah, right, like I'm going to fall for that!" Then he stepped back, and pulled the trigger, sending a bolt of pure energy into Jones, turning the hapless young private into a pile of raw steaks.

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Patric smiled. His patience paid off, and now his body count just went up by two. He chuckled at the stupidity of these privates. He only wished all Blues were that stupid.

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Emily turned towards Charlie with a dangerous glare.

"Charlie." She growled. "I want you to board that damn teleporter up!"

"Yes ma'am..." Charlie replied. Even though the teleporter was useful for dumping trash, the thing was still a menace to society, Blue society that is. He made a mental note to board that thing up, when another idiotic act caught his eye. This time, he made sure Emily was aware of it.

Emily looked in the direction that Charlie was pointing at, and the fury in her eyes intensified.

"...Oh for the love of..." She cursed before literally leaping off the cliff and sprinting towards two idiotic blue privates about to

walk into the clutches of death.

--

Johnson and Smith had heard the loud explosion, and decided that since no Reds were going to come anywhere near here with Emily around, to investigate. Abandoning the base, the two privates walked to the middle of the canyon, and saw two dead blue privates. Johnson gasped. One he recognized as Rogers, the other was so burnt that not even dental record could identify the man. He turned towards Smith, and was shocked to see Smith looking at him in terror. Johnson was about to ask why Smith looked so scared, when a cold voice pierced his heart.

"Well well well, more fresh meat."

Johnson slowly turned to see the face of death.

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Patric was ecstatic. His explosion had caused two more idiots to wander into his clutches, and he intended to have fun. After burning those priceless looks of terror into his memory, he asked the ever famous question. "Any last requests?"

"Please don't kill us Mr. Sniper! We're too young to die!" One of the newbies pleaded.

"But not too old to suffer!" Patric replied deviously. But then, he saw a vision behind the rookies. A vision too horrible to behold.

"Err...sorry guys, gotta run, don't have time to kill you now!" With that, he equipped his active camouflage and headed for the hills.

--

Johnson and Smith stared in shock at their fortune. Smith thanked god, thinking that divine intervention saved his life, but as he looked towards his partner, he could tell something was wrong. The look of fear had not disappeared but intensified on his partner's face.

"What's wrong?" Smith asked puzzled.

Johnson lifted a shaky finger at a figure charging towards them from Blue base. Smith recognized the long hair, and immediately a look of terror returned to his face. Then, as if in unison, both privates scrambled to their feet and ran away from the furious drill sergeant charging at them.

"COME BACK MR. SNIPER!!! WE NEED YOU TO KILL US!" The privates screamed hysterically.

Unfortunately, Emily caught her sad privates within seconds.

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU MORONS DOING OUT HERE?! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO GUARD THE FLAG!!!"

"Bu-but..." The two rookies were shaking. "But we heard a huge explosion an-and we s-saw them and we-"

Emily didn't have the stomach to see anymore grown men cry. "Oh shut up you two." She mumbled before looking at the sad remains of Jones and Rogers. "Now you see why the teleporter is off-limits? That crazy bastard camps this place like a boy scout."

Johnson and Smith were still too much in shock to notice anything. So Emily had Charlie take the two off to base. Then she took the liberty of blasting two holes for Jones and Rogers and buried the two dead men.

"Ugh..." Emily groaned as she dusted herself off. "I'd understand if they were kids, but for crying out loud these are grown men..." She mumbled before turning around and walking back to base. 'Not bad...' She thought to herself.

It wasn't bad indeed. The blues only lost 4 men in less than a day; that was excellent compared to the last shipment. Last time...Patric took out the entire lot, in less than 3 hours. Emily shuddered at the mere memory, and when she walked into Blue base, she looked visibly shaken.

"That's all for today men..." She managed before trudging off to her room. She needed a really long bath and some rest. Sometimes, that man can do things not even she can manage to accomplish. Now THAT was scary.

\* \* \*

><p><p>

Charlie: ...if you people know Emily, that IS scary (No offense Emily)

Erk: Mmm hmm, sure, pick on the poor girl just because she made you do push-ups that ONE time.

Charlie: Okay, so I exaggerate, what's wrong with that?  
><br>Erk: Plenty.

Charlie: Anyways, please review. And don't get attached to any characters, unless it's Patric/Emily/Charlie. Because most of the privates die in some horrible way.

#### 4. Gruesome Revelations

Charlie: Fear me!

Erk: ...okay, so you finally did your homework.

Charlie: Yeah, I was slacking off a teensy too much.

Erk: ...you almost ate two zeros and failed a test.

Charlie: ALMOST...

Erk: Lucky bastard...



Charlie: MUAHAHAH!! And I finally got a Halo muse...

Erk: Who?

Charlie: Meet Guilty Spark!

343 Guilty Spark: Greetings.

Erk: ...HIM?!

Charlie: What's wrong with him?

Erk: HE'S A PROTOCOL CRAZY LITTLE FLOATING DROID!

Charlie: ...and what's wrong with that?

Erk: Nevermind.

Charlie: Thank you, anyways, enjoy the thrid chapter.

Guilty Spark: And protocol insists that Charlie is not the owner of the establishment of Halo.

Erk: ...whatever the hell that is.

Charlie: ...anyways, there are a few parts in here that are in script form. Yes, I am acknologing that I am breaking one of 's most retarded rules. The reason that I need that part in script format is because it is a flash back, and unless it's a really long one, writing it in story format just feels very awkward. There are only a few points in here that are script, like around 15 lines. So if you're like completely grossed out and revolted by even one line of script and think any writer who does it should be thrown into jail to rot, don't read this chapter, but otherwise, just bear with it.

Erk: I noticed that was long...meh, whatever.

\* \* \*

>Â Johnson and Smith were serving their detention with Charlie in recon duty. Emily was pissed at the pair for disobeying orders, but she was too spent to torture them, so the pair got off easy. To the privates, Charlie was a considerably less brutal instructor than Emily, just as long as you don't try to start false rumors about him. Johnson and Smith were actually quite happy they got detention with him. Charlie let them use the sniper rifles. The trio stood on top of a ledge overlooking Red base. All three sported unloaded Sniper Rifles and spyed on the Red base using the sniper scopes, looking for anything interesting.<p><p>

--

Patric wore a very nasty expression when he returned to base. All the rookies knew that he was in a bad mood. They all feared what may await them in their latest training session.

The red privates all assembled in the main lobby of Red base and were prepared for the worst. Minutes later, Patric stormed into the lobby

and stomped up in front of everyone.

"Alright chicken nuggets, I'm pissed today, so one peep from you guys and you'll die."

The privates all recoiled in fear, none bold enough to make a sound.

"Okay, today, I will teach you about the enemy, or more specifically, the one person on the blue team to beware."

Patric turned to a small pull down poster pinned onto the wall. "Gentlemen," He said as he pulled down the poster. "Look into the face of EVIL!"

The rookies cringed, expecting to see a face more hideous than that of a ogre. But instead, the poster showed a picture of a stunningly beautiful young woman.

Patric felt his anger rise as he saw his privates drool at the picture of the enemy. He decided to take some action. Pulling out his pistol, he shot the nearest newbie, and immediately, the rest of the rookies fell silent in fear.

"...You guys think this is funny huh? Well I'll tell you, the blue sargent is the deadliest soldier in this canyon. She could nail one of you noobs in her SLEEP!"

"I'd like to nail her..." snickered one of the privates. Patric immediately rewarded his remark with a bullet hole in the head.

"Anyone else infatuated with the enemy?" Patric asked. The stunned rookies all shook their heads rigorously. Their commanding officer seemed serious about this.

"Good, now then, lets move on to gun control." Patric continued. "Who here knows how to dodge a bullet?"

The privates all shook their heads. Patric smiled and pulled out an assault rifle. "You better learn fast." He chuckled before spraying bullets into his privates.

--

Smith and Johnson gasped at the gruesome spectacle unfolding inside of the Red base.

"...Sir?" Smith asked turning towards Charlie.

"Yes?"

"...What's Patric's rank in the Red army?"

"Corporal." Charlie replied calmly.

Johnson and Smith exchanged confused glances. "Don't they have a sargent like Emily to keep him in control?" Johnson asked.

"Well..." Charlie considered for a moment. "They do have a captain,

but we never see him. The last time I saw him was during the Fourth of July fireworks."

Smith and Johnson suddenly forgot the massacre in the Red base and looked at Charlie excitedly. "Cool! We get fireworks? How do we make them?"

"We don't." Charlie said. "Patric does."

"How does he make them?" Johnson asked curiously.

Charlie got a far off look in his eye...

-FLASHBACK-

Patric: -stuffing a Red newbie into a rocket launcher- Don't worry, it'll be absolutely safe.

Red rookie: You sure?

Patric: Well, for me it will.

Red rookie: WHAT ABOUT ME?!

Patric: Ahh don't worry. You'll be providing entertainment to people, namely me, at a high price: your life!

Red rookie: WHAT?!

Patric: Yes, it's a high price, but I'll manage.

Red rookie: BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE BLOWN UP!!!

Patric: -Adjusts a plasma grenade and slaps it onto Red rookie's chest- EXACTLY! Have fun in the afterlife! -launches the rocket-

Red rookie: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! -flies up and blows up-

Patric: That was fun... -turns towards the rest of his terrified newbies- So who's next?

-END FLASHBACK-

"Uhh," Charlie said uneasily. "You're better off not knowing."

Smith and Johnson gulped, knowing that anything could be possible in Blood Gulch. They held their tongue. After watching Patric kill all of his rookies, Charlie decided to call it a day. He told Smith and Johnson to fall in and follow him back to base. On the way back, Smith raised another curious question.

"Say Charlie..."

"Yes?"

"What exactly is Patric's job on Blood Gulch?"

"Well," Charlie began. "His job is more or less 'kill all newbies in Blood Gulch.'"

"But why does he kill his own newbies?" Smith asked.

"Because," Charlie continued. "He doesn't distinguish between Red or Blue newbies, he just kills all newbies in sight."

Smith and Johnson shuddered, but they felt relieved that they were on the Blue team instead.

"What about Emily?" Johnson asked.

"Well," Charlie said nervously. "Don't tell her, but to me, she's just like Patric, only she can resist the urge to teamkill a bit better than he can."

Smith and Johnson gulped. "...how much better is a little bit better?"

Charlie shook his head sadly. "Not much, but she's getting better. She hasn't killed a single rookie in the last shipment."

"Really? That's a relief." Johnson relaxed a bit. "Why didn't she?"

Charlie shook his head again. "They were all killed by Pat three hours after landing."

Smith and Johnson gulped once again. "Whoa...how?"

Charlie chuckled a little. "It's a long story..." He said looking at his watch. "But we have a bit of time."

So Charlie took the two privates into a safe location and began his story.

"It was quite an incident you see. The last batch of privates we had were very enthusiastic about following commands. They'd do everything Emily and I ordered them to; I wouldn't be surprised if they would shoot themselves if we required it, but anyways, since the rookies were so good at following orders, Emily decided to teach them how to drive a jeep first. At first, the lesson worked well. The rookies had the jeep going and they drove it quite well, until Patric intervened. He tricked the three rookies who were driving the jeep into thinking that he was a Blue officer. Since Patric doesn't wear standard Red armor, the rookies believed him. So Patric managed to trick them into parking on top of a pile of grenades. Then he pulled out another one and pulled the pin. The resulting explosion killed the three rookies in the jeep and launched the jeep into the air. Unfortunately, the trajectory of the jeep was very fortunate for Patric and it headed straight for where other privates were resting. I tried to yell 'TAKE COVER!!!', but it was too late and the jeep landed square on the rest of the privates, crushing them all. It was quite a day for Patric, but poor Emily lost her lieutenant's bar."

Charlie finished his story and laughed a bit. "It was embarrassing guys, but me and Emily try to learn from our mistakes. Anyways, we should head back to base. It's getting late."

Smith and Johnson nodded. The story scared them, and both privates made a mental note never to listen to strange people.

--

Patric finished burying all of his privates. He smiled for the first time since Emily chased him away. The killing spree he had raised his spirits a lot. He then slowly walked back towards base. As he arrived, he saw another Red team dropship arrive. Patric chuckled. He was notorious within Red command for being the most efficient rookie killer. Red base on Blood Gulch was where Red command sent all their rejects for "processing," and Patric was the "processor."

He put on a fake smile as he greeted the new rejects. Patric took care to wash the lobby of Red base so the facility was squeaky clean. But as the last rookie got off the dropship, Patric did a double take. The man looked almost exactly like his old high school buddy: short, glasses, walking with a book, he fit all the descriptions.

"Chris?!" He asked incredulously.

The man did not even look up from his book and absent-mindedly answered him. "Yeah, yeah Patric, hang on...wait...Patric?!"

The short private looked up and he too did a double take.

"HEY PATRIC! How's it been?!"

Patric slapped his forehead. "Ugh, great. Now I can't kill you."

"Kill me? What?"

"..." Patric was at a loss for words. His friend didn't even seem to know where the hell he was. "Tell me Chris, why are you here?"

"Huh? Oh I got caught in the draft and yeah, got sent here. But hey! At least I get to be with you! So tell me, who's in charge here?"

"...me..." Patric sighed.

"You?! HEY! That means I don't have to do anything! All right!"

Patric slapped his forehead again. But he expected this from Chris, he was never the army type of guy. Patric turned towards the rest of the noobies and told them to go find a bunk and stay there for until further notice. After the rest of the rookies were gone, he turned back towards Chris.

"Tell me Chris," He asked methodically. "Can you shoot a gun?"

"I can try!" The rookie replied. Patric handed Chris his pistol and backed far away from him. Chris aimed, and pulled a trigger. After the shot hit the mark, Patric walked back to Chris and yanked the pistol away from him.

"Okay...I have no idea how you managed to shoot the rock BEHIND you, but it's obvious you can't use a gun...so can you drive a marine jeep?"

"Umm, nope." Chris replied sheepishly.

"Snipe?"

"Nope."

"...what CAN you do?"

"I can read books, play games and be lazy."

"Sweet! Then I got the perfect job for you!"

Then Patric placed a friendly arm around him and led him back into base. "Ever been a supply sargent?"

"Nope."

"Well, you'll be perfect at it!" Patric explained while the pair walked into base.

--

Private Johnson was atop the Blue base overlooking the terrain after his lunch. He had his sniper scope out so he got a nice view of the canyon. But as his sights moved over Red base, what he saw shocked him beyond his imagination.

"SARGENT! CORPORAL! COME QUICKLY! YOU TWO WON'T BELIEVE THIS!" Johnson yelled into the base.

The two trainers nearly killed themselves getting to the top of the base.

"You better not be kidding private." Emily growled.

Johnson flinched slightly but continued on. "It's Patric! He's actually being nice to a rookie!"

Charlie and Emily exchanged glances and began to laugh out loud.

"AHAHAHAH!!! Oh that's a good one private. But seriously, what's up?"

"IT'S TRUE! LOOK!" Johnson yelled while thrusting the rifle into Emily's hands.

Emily looked skeptically at Johnson. "You better be right." She warned before looking into the sniper scope. When she fixed the sight onto the Red base, she almost choked. There he was, the most feared man in the canyon, treating a rookie like a good friend. "Holy...pinch me Charlie."

The corporal looked at her incredulously. "You've gotta be kidding me. Lemme see." He said before talking the sniper rifle and looking into the scope.

"...Oh...my god..." He said as he saw the same sight the previous two saw. But then as he took a closer look, he almost fainted.

"Holy crap, Chris?!"

Emily and Johnson looked at him. "You know him?"

"Yeah, he hung out with me and Patric during high school."

Emily nodded calmly, but Johnson did a double take. "Wait, you and Patric were buddies?" He asked the corporal

"Yeah."

Johnson took a step back. "...you're not like a red spy are you?"

Charlie and Emily chuckled. Unknown to most of the privates, Charlie, Emily and Patric went to the same high school and played in the marching band together. Emily was even Charlie's section leader there for two years. Emily knew explaining to the rookies would be a long and arduous task, so she decided to keep that little detail a secret.

"Look Johnson." Emily explained. "We all went to the same high school, but Patric just volunteered for a different army than we did."

Johnson seemed to get more and more confused by the second. Charlie smiled at him and told him not to worry about it.

"It's okay man," He assured him. "Don't think about it too much. Go get some rest, remember we have a sneak raid tomorrow."

Johnson nodded, but he still walked around Charlie cautiously. Charlie and Emily chuckled again and walked back into Blue base. Emily went to bed immediately; she was quite tired from her work, but Charlie needed some fresh air. So he walked out the back door to catch a breeze. Outside, he found Mickey standing over Emily's koi pond.

"Wow! I never knew we had a pond back here! It even has fishies!" Mickey exclaimed seeing Charlie walk out.

Charlie walked up to Mickey and grabbed him by the arm. "You might want to get away from the pond." He warned. "It's Emily's little secret."

"But I want to feed the fish!" Mickey continued ignoring Charlie and pulling out some bread. As he tossed the bread into the water, a strong jaw clentched onto his arm and ripped it loose from the socket. "HOLY SHIT!" Mickey screamed as he staggered away. His exclamation woke up Johnson and Smith who's rooms were closest to the back. They ran out and nearly puked when they saw Mickey. "WHAT HAPPENED?!" They screamed.

"There's...there are killer fish in the damn pond!" Mickey yelled before stomping back to the pond, with flame in his eyes.

Charlie looked very alarmed. "No don't. If the fish don't kill you, Emily will! She loves her koi!"

Mickey paid no attention to Charlie as he pulled out his rifle and

shot the water. Suddenly, a huge wave crashed into Mickey and swept him into the water. Johnson and Smith looked on in horror as screams of agony emitted from the pond and the watered turned scarlet.

"...Poor Mickey. Guys, stay away from the pond. The koi developed a taste for human flesh ever since Pat began to dump bodies of noobs in here. You guys are looking at the only creatures in this canyon with a higher body count than Emily and Patric combined." Charlie warned

Johnson and Smith shuddered before racing inside and dashing to the bathrooms. The two felt sick to their stomachs at the gruesome spectacle they just witnessed.

Charlie looked again at the scarlet water. The koi looked beautiful, but he long knew that the more beautiful something is, the more deadly it is. He shuddered and decided to hit the hay. After all, there was a raid the next day, and he didn't want to miss that.

\* \* \*

>Charlie: Okay, so that wasn't the best chapter, but the next one'll be better. It's the Thanksgiving special. It'll be long too, so hopefully it'll make up for the wait. <p>Erk: Uh huh.<p>

Charlie: Damn it, where's 343?

Erk: He died.

Charlie: ...#(&\$(\$!!!

Erk: Language boy...

Charlie: Whatever. Anyways, review guys. I'm planning to have two static rookies on both teams in addition to Emily, Charlie and Patric.

Erk: Yeah, that's because two are your friends and you got attached to Smith and Johnson.

Charlie: Shut up Erk. Review guys!

## 5. For the HOLIDAYS er REPUBLIC!

Charlie: Hello one and all.

Erk: â€|nobody likes you.

Charlie: Correction, YOU don't like me.

Erk: That's good enough.

Charlie: Egotistâ€|

Erk: Shut up moron.

Charlie: Bastard.



Erk: Dumbass.

Charlie: Retardâ€¦

-Continues to fight-

Church: Sigh, they never stop. Well, I know he said it would be by Thanksgiving, but then he got sick, then food poisoning. You know, the works. So sorry about the delay. Anyhow, Charlie does not own Halo, and be warned, there is once again a few lines of script in here to reduce awkwardness. If you are absolutely revolted by this, go away, otherwise, enjoy. Oh and due to the extreme lateness, this will be extended to include Christmas too. Feliz Navidad everyone.

\* \* \*

>It was a bright morning at Blood Gulch. Private Johnson had woken up early in preparation for the flag raid. This was his first big mission, and he was eager to please Emily in hopes of making up for his screw ups; plus, it was the first time he would get to shoot something, and all privates liked that.<p><p>

Smith and Jacobs had similar anticipations, but they managed to wake a bit later than Johnson, but still, the three privates caused so much noise in the base that Emily and Charlie couldn't get any sleep. So the two soldiers sleepily got up and dressed after enduring about an hour of clamor from the excited rookies.

Emily was still yawning when she briefed the troop. Johnson, Smith and Jacobs were to defend the base under the direction of Corporal Charlie while she snuck in and swiped the flag. The reds outnumbered them considerably, but Emily assured them that their skill level was below average.

"Don't worry men," She said. "The reds, unlike us, are a bit selective about soldiers. Only those deemed worthy are sent to real battlefields like Sidewinder."

"What happens to the rejects?" Smith asked curiously.

"They get sent here to be 'processed'." Emily answered calmly.

The Blue privates all shuddered. They all had a pretty good idea what "processed" means and who the "processor" was. They all sat rigid throughout the rest of the briefing. By the time Emily was done, the sun had risen. She turned to her men and passed out snipers and assault rifles.

"Good luck men, and hope you don't die."

The rookies all nodded nervously before following Charlie to the top of Blue base. Once on top of the base, each man raised his sniper and looked across the wasteland towards the Red base.

--

Patric got up before dawn at Red base. He was always excited on raid days; the prospect of killing gives him life. Fortunately for him, his rookies were equally excited, with the exception of his old buddy and now supply sergeant Chris, everyone was up just as early as he

was. Patric took advantage of the extra hours before the raid to teach his rookies one of his favorite maneuvers, well, as long as he wasn't the one doing it.

"Men, I'm going to teach you the terrorist charge."

Patric's privates all listened attentively, eager to learn ways of destroying people.

"It is a very simple concept," Patric continued. "All you need to do is rush towards the enemy with either an explosive, rocket launcher, or fast firing sub-machine gun, get within range, and fire wildly at your enemy while yelling at the top of your lungs 'FOR THE REPUBLIC!!!' Is that clear men?"

All the privates nodded.

"Good, unfortunately, I need one of you guys to guard the base against blue intruders. So you'll have to draw straws." Patric said.

The privates soon began to draw straws, and soon after, the loser, Private Peters, grumbled forward to accept the post of defending the fort. After Patric stationed Peters near the supply post where he relocated the flag to, he gathered his men and led them on to battle.

--

Back at Blue base, Charlie was checking inventory when one of the privates screamed. He quickly dropped his notepad and ran over to the rookie with the sniper rifle.

"What's wrong?" He quickly asked.

"The Reds are charging!" Private Johnson replied shakily.

Charlie's mouth formed a grim line. "Well, the party's about to start. Lets give them a warm welcome." He joked slightly before arming his shotgun.

Just then Smith called out. "They're firing!!!"

Sure enough, poorly aimed bullets and rocket charges slammed into the cliff behind the base.

"What the hell are they doing?!" Charlie asked Smith incredulously. "They're not even aiming for anything!"

"I think that's the point sir!" Smith yelled back from his post. "They seem to be charging at us while firing wildly and yelling some kind of weird phrase."

"What are they yelling?" The corporal asked.

"Ummâ€¦ it sound's like-" Smith began before a loud shout interrupted him

"FOR THE REPUBLIC!!!"

"Yeahâ€¦that." Smith finished.

"Well, looks like Patric taught them the suicide charge." Charlie sighed. "They aren't gonna hit jack the way they're firing, so just keep low and shoot back."

He then armed a sniper rifle and took out the lead Red soldier. Next to him, the bang of snipers firing rang out. Charlie sighed, the raid will probably cost both sides all their rookies. He wished that for once these flag raids could be a bit cleaner. Then he aimed and shot another Red private dead.

--

Private Peters stood indignantly at the entrance of the rickety tent Patric set up as a supply depot. For some reason, Patric wanted the flag moved there too, so now if Peters wanted ammo, he needed to request it from the new supply sergeant, Chris. Peters looked into the tent to see Private Liang play his gameboy. He sighed, the man took war as seriously as an old Chinese lady would take football.

Just then Peters saw a flash of blue out of the corner of his eye. He immediately turned, aimed and fired at the flash of color. One clip later, he discovered that he just perforated a bush. Peters sighed. The boredom was so thick, he could've cut it with a knife. He leaned against the tent. It was gonna be a long day.

Minutes later, Peters saw something else. A flash of blue, and a mess of hair. He puzzled. There weren't any female personnel on the Red team, and there sure as hell weren't any towns nearby. He decided to investigate. He approached the spot where he saw the movement and inspected the area. Sure enough, he found a long strand of dark hair. He gulped, remembering that the drill sergeant on the Blue squad was female. Slowly, he reached for his extra clips of ammunition, only to find that they were missing. Peters began to panic, and suddenly, he broke for the supply tent, hoping to get some ammo before it was too late.

Unfortunately for Peters, the person whom that strand of hair belongs to sensed his panic. She silently followed him, until she accidentally snapped a twig. Hearing the snap, Peters broke for the tent. Emily cursed herself for it, decided to screw the covert detail, drew her assault rifle, and chased after Peters like a hawk after a sparrow.

Peters raced to the entrance of the supply tent screaming at the top of his lungs.

"I NEED AMMO!!!"

Chris threw him an annoyed look. "Yeah, and I need earplugs, leave me alone."

"WHAT?! COME ON MAN!!!" Peters was getting desperate. "She'll be here any minute!"

"Good, then ask her for ammo." Chris replied, not really paying attention.

"Dude, seriously, she's kil- AHHH!!!!!!" Peters' sentence was cut short as rifle fire filled the air.

Chris looked up a bit annoyed. "Dude, shut-â€|oh you're deadâ€|meh, oh well." He said, not really caring before going back to his game

--

Emily stepped over the dead Red soldier shaking her head. The man barely put up a fight after dumbly wasting all his ammo. She walked into the tent, curious to see what Patric had put in it. When she stepped in, she was surprised to see piles of supplies, ammunition, spam, and even the flag. Emily smiled. There was only one private guarding the flag, and he wasn't even paying attention; hell, he wasn't even armed. It was time to get her Lieutenant's bar back.

Emily stepped up to the lone red private and cleared her throat.

--

"Ahemâ€|"

Chris groaned. "Take a number dude, I'm busy."

"Excuse me?" A feminine voice asked.

"I said I'mâ€|wait a minute." Chris froze. "I could've sworn there weren't any girls on the Red teamâ€|so that means."

Chris gulped and looked up into the face of death.

"AHHH!!! PLEASE DON'T KILL ME MA'AM!!!" He groveled.

The Blue sergeant smiled and raised her rifle. "Rightâ€|and so in the immortal words of your own CO, any last words?"

Chris started to sob. "Please don't kill me miss, I got a wife and three kids back home! They're depending on me and my small salary to support them. Please spare me."

Emily's features softened. Soon, she started to cry too.  
"â€|that'sâ€|SO SAD!!!"

Chris looked up, surprised to see that his little lie worked. The famed Blue killer sergeant was bawling her eyes out.

"Miss?"

"â€|sniff, go, just go." Emily sobbed.

"Ummâ€|okay." Chris said, shakily before running out of the depot and into the Red base for protection.

--

Emily stood there, sobbing lightly, before coming to her

senses.

"Sniff, such a young kid, already a wife and three ki-â€|"

Emily froze. "Oh that bastard, he didn't even have a wedding ring!"

She cursed her self once again for being so soft hearted when hearing sad stories. But she decided not to let it phase her. She'll get her chance to kill that Red private, but now she needed to flag, so she quickly walked across the base and reached for the shiny pole with a bright red flag attached to it.

--

Back at Blue base, Charlie groaned. The Red privates were all dead, yet Patric managed to slip past him and his rookies. He had Johnson, Smith, and Jacob comb the base for the Red menace, but it's been a while now and still no sign of Patric. Charlie was about to give up when a loud explosion ripped through the hall way. He gasped. It came from the flag room.

Charlie raced towards the flag room, hoping that the explosion wasn't one of the privates getting blown into pieces. Along the way, he managed to collect Smith and Johnson, but Jacobs was nowhere to be found. Charlie entered the flag room expecting the worst. Sure enough, the stench of burnt flesh attacked his nostrils as soon as he stepped into the room. Body parts littered the floor, and sure enough, Jacob's dog tag was among the rubble. Charlie sighed. Another casualty, meaning they were down to two privates, just below the minimum, meaning he had to requisite for more. Charlie groaned, more young men to give their lives.

Johnson and Smith refrained from puking, although they really wanted to. The two looked up to see the flag missing. They attempted to alert the corporal, but surprisingly, he already knew.

Charlie held out a headset. "This thing gives me updates. When Patric took the flag, it told me."

Johnson and Smith nodded slowly before getting out the stuff to clean the mess. Charlie wrapped Jacob's dog tag in a piece of cloth and put it aside before helping the two scrub down the base.

--

Patric stepped out of the Blue base laughing, and holding the flag. "AHAHH!!! Sweet, I got the flag AND I killed a newbie. This is one of the best days of my-"

Just then, he was interrupted by his headset.

"Blue team has the flag."

"Ahh son of a bitchâ€|" He cursed. "This ALWAYS happens. I get the flag, she gets the flag."

Patric grumbled all the way back to Red base. When he walked in, he was outraged to see Chris cowering in fear under his sheets.

"WHAT THE HELL CHRIS?!"

Chris looked up to see his old buddy and was overjoyed. "Oh Patric! It was so scary! That creepy lady came in and threatened me with a gun, and she killed Peters, and she almost killed meâ€|and" Chris noticed the scowl on Patric's face. "And you aren't happy about the flag right?"

"What the hell do you think?!" Patric screamed.

"Calm down." Chris said. "We can always go get it back."

"Chrisâ€|what did I just spend an entire morning doing?"

"Getting their flag?"

"Right, now I can't do anything with this flag until I get our flag back, and Emily can't do anything until she gets her flag back. So now, instead of us raiding them to get their flag and them raiding us to get our flag, we have to raid again to get our flag back and they have to raid to get their flag back."

"And your point is?"

"Because you FAILED to protect the flag, we're NO DIFFERENT FROM WHEN WE STARTED OUT!!!"

"Ahh, I see."

"And now I don't have any newbies to help me, so you're gonna requisite for more." Patric said while taking out a huge stack of papers. "Start by filling out these pages."

"ALL THIS?!" Chris exclaimed. "There must be a thousand pages in there."

"A thousand and twenty-five to be exact, better start working fast." Patric replied tossing Chris the flag. "And hold this, I need to go take a shower."

With that Patric walked off towards the shower leaving a very distraught Chris to fill out requisite forms.

--

Emily returned to Blue base smiling a bit. She was even humming a happy little tune. Charlie, Johnson and Smith, who were expecting a very angry sergeant, were surprised, and a bit unnerved. Emily was NEVER this cheerful. When she gave everyone a hug and the rest of the afternoon off, everyone knew there was something wrong.

"Either a) she stole some Prozac from the Red base and got high off that or b) the covenant abducted her and replaced her with some evil duplicate." Charlie reasoned with the privates. "I vote b."

Smith and Johnson laughed a little at the joke the corporal made. But something was seriously wrong with Emily, she was a little too happy to be normal. Sure she got the flag, but then Patric also has their flag. So the positions haven't switched. At best Charlie had expected

her to be calm, but this was too much.

Just then, Emily walked into the room. "Charlie, could you requisite some more privates?" She asked.

"Yeah, I'm about to." Charlie replied before picking up the phone. He loved the fact that all he needed to do was make a call to requisite rookies. No forms, no hassle, he loved it."

Phone: Hello, welcome to Blue Command's automated phone service. For mission updates, please press one, for vehicle repairs, please press two, for location confirmations, please press three, for reinforcements, please press four.

Charlie punched in four.

Phone: You have requested for reinforcements. To hire freelancers, please press one, to requisite for more privates, please press two.

Charlie punched in two.

Phone: Please stay on the line as we get a representative to help you.

Charlie waited for what seemed like centuries before an operator went on.

"Hello, Blue Command private requisite center. Name, rank, serial number, and location please."

"Wu, Charlie, Corporal, 09167832, Blood Gulch." Charlie replied rolling his eyes.

"Ahh, okay, so how did the last batch we sent you two days ago die?"

"Well," Charlie began. "Two got sniped in the head, three were blown to pieces, and another one was eaten by koi fish."

"KOI FISH?!" The receiver screamed incredulously. "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!"

"You're new around here aren't you?" Charlie said calmly.

"Uhh, yes sir. Private Matthews, just started working here yesterday sir." The private on the line replied nervously.

"Ahh, well you see, it's a long story, but we have a moat here at blood gulch, and lets just say the koi our CO raises there developed a taste for human flesh." Charlie replied.

Over the line, Charlie could hear the private stutter a bit. He was obviously new in this business. The corporal sighed. He wished that young men didn't have to be sent into this god-awful civil war.

"Ummâ€¦o-okay sir. We'll get the next batch out to you by tomorrow."

"Excellent." Charlie said. "Thank you private."

Then he hung up and looked at Johnson and Smith. The three men laughed. The place was horrible, but it had it's memories. Besides, Thanksgiving was almost here, and nothing could ruin the Turkey Day spirit out of men. NOTHING.

The days went by, and pretty soon, it was the day before Thanksgiving. Both Blue and Red command have been slacking off, so neither teams received reinforcements until that day. Unfortunately for Charlie, Johnson and Smith, Emily's mood reverted a bit once the new shipment of newbs arrived. As the three men waited for the new recruits, their commanding officer was pacing inside, muttering random angry phrases and reacting to everything rather peevishly.

The new recruits descended the dropship rather nervously, but the sight of three warm faces relaxed them a little. Plus the moat filled with Koi fish definitely improved the spirits of the men. Unfortunately, the spirited mood was soon destroyed as the recruits walked into the base to meet their royally pissed CO. Charlie, Johnson and Smith had no idea as to why Emily was suddenly pissed. However, soon they figured out.

"All right punks." Emily growled to the new privates. "Listen up. This ain't no walk in the park. I expect 210 from each and every single one of you. Slackers WILL be punished. GOT IT?!"

The privates all shuddered and nodded obediently.

"All right. Since stupid Blue command gave me you fools today, and completely ignored my needs, I'll be basically pissed the entire time! So either stay out of my way, or be shot. Corporal Wu has your assignments. NOW GET OUTTA MY SIGHT!"

Charlie blinked. Emily never addressed him by his last name, but he finally figured it out. Blue command apparently ignored Emily's achievements and didn't give her a promotion. Charlie sighed. He had hoped that her mood would keep up for the new privates, but now it was just a lost dream. With Thanksgiving coming up soon, he just hoped that HE would live to see the Christmas snow.

The rookies were rather relieved to see that their brutal CO wasn't going to be training them yet. So their spirits were a bit brighter when they gathered at the top of Blue base for their afternoon session.

Charlie showed up at the top with Johnson and Smith. Since the two survived the first few days, they were promotedâ€|well sort of, instead of Privates they were "Private First Class"es. Personally, the corporal had no idea why that rank even existed, but the army moves in mysterious ways. He faced the new recruits and had his two old timers join them.

"Okay guys." He said, addressing everyone. "Sorry for Emily's cruddy attitude right now, but she's kinda pissed 'cause she didn't get her promotionâ€| you know how it goes right?"

The privates all shared a good laugh and nodded.



"Okay, today's really simple. Since tomorrow's Thanksgiving, I'm only gonna give you advise on how to survive past the holidays." Charlie continued. "Starting today, until tomorrow, NONE of you are to be outside the baseâ€¦PERIOD."

"Why?" The privates all asked.

"Wellâ€¦ummâ€¦" Charlie stumbled, not sure of what to say.

-FLASHBACK-

Charlie: Hey Emily, what's going on?

Emily: â€¦He's got Joey.

Charlie: What? Waitâ€¦he never takes prisoners alive.

Emily: Oh he won't be alive for longâ€¦here -hands over sniper rifle-

Charlie: Hmm? -looks-â€¦ohâ€¦myâ€¦dearâ€¦lordâ€¦

--

Patric: Well well well, what was your name again private?

Joey: Joey.

Patric: Joey. Well it's your lucky day. You get to provide entertainment for me.

Joey: How do I do that sir?

Patric: You're gonna be the fireworks.

Joey: WHAT?!

Patric: Yes, I know it's a high priceâ€¦but I think I can manage.

Joey: But sir! You're not the one getting launched into the atmosphere!

Patric: -sticks a plasma grenade onto Joey- EXACTLY!!! SEE YOU IN HELL!!! -launches the rocket-

Joey: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHhâ€¦. -boom!-

Patric: -turns towards his rookies- soâ€¦who's next?

-END FLASHBACK-

"â€¦ummâ€¦lets just say if you value your lives, you'll stay INSIDE the base." Charlie finished.

"Awwâ€¦" The privates groaned. They were looking forward to exploring the canyon.

"Well, look on the bright side. At least we get fireworks." Charlie

said, trying to cheer everyone up.

"Wow! Really? We get fireworks?" The newbies asked. "How do you guys make 'em?"

"Er.." Charlie said. "Trust meâ€¦you REALLY don't want to know."

--

Back at red base, the supply sergeant finally finished filling out the forms. Slowly, Chris trudged into Patric's office with the stack of papers.

"Ughâ€¦finishedâ€¦" he moaned.

"Cool, set it on that stool over there." Patric said without looking up from his work. Chris limped over and set the papers on the stool. Just as he was about to leave, Patric pulled out a flamethrower and torched the entire stack of forms.

"WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT FOR?!" Chris screamed.

"Oh, rightâ€¦" Patric snickered. "You really didn't need to fill out those forms. I already called in for more rookies. That was just to piss you off for losing the flag."

"â€¦Fâ€¦Uâ€¦" Chris muttered before storming out the room and slamming the door close.

Patric chuckled, "Heh, I love doing that."

--

The night came and went, soon it was Thanksgiving morning. Both bases had everything decorated and a big turkey roasting. Patric waited outside for the dropship of newbies that he was about to get. As he looked up, he found a pelican descending from the skies.

"Sweet, fresh meat!" He exclaimed before turning to his supply sergeant "Come on Chris! Those turkey's won't cook themselves!"

Chris stood over the fire roasting the turkeys. "Grrâ€¦ just because I lose a stupid flag, I have to do this crapâ€¦" He grumbled.

--

In space, a lone advanced stealth fighter zoomed towards the Halo installation. It was a prototype Red-command stealth combat fighter. Brand-new and still in testing, this fighter would turn the tide of the war. Currently, the pilot was a crack sniper being sent to Death Island to support ground forces. Unfortunately, she was also asleep.

"Red command to Sergeant Nam, Red command to Sergeant Nam. Do you read? Is anyone there? Hello? Are you there? Is everything okay? We're picking up that you're on a crash course towards Blood Gulch 500 miles from Death Island. Hello? Sergeant? What are you doing? Hello? DO SOMETHING!!!"

Inside the cockpit, Sergeant Nam snoozed, dreaming of many things, some sweet, some too horrible to imagine. But she slept on, as her 10 billion dollar test fighter shot straight towards a huge horrifying explosion.

--

The entirety of the Blue team was perched on top of the base, waiting for the fireworks. Emily had definitely brightened up, and was now serving her homemade gravy with the turkey. Everyone had to admit it was delicious. Suddenly, everyone gasped as they saw a dropship land near the Red base.

"What?" Emily asked. The dropship wasn't that scary, but soon she realized that everyone was looking towards a sleek looking fighter plane drop out of the sky like a brick and collide with the pelican in a huge magnificent explosion. Everyone on the roof was spellbound. After the last of the embers died away, everyone stood up and gave a standing ovation for one of the most beautiful fireworks display ever.

--

Patric stood in disbelief as he watched his entire shipment of "Fresh Meat" get blown up by some jock pilot in some fancy new fighter. He stormed over to the wreckage, expecting to see everyone dead. To his surprise, the pilot of the fighter was still alive, and worse, he found out that she was a girl—and not just any girl.

"HOLY CRAP! JESSICA?!"

"Wha?" The pilot screamed. "Oh—it's you! Patric!"

"What the hell are you doing here Jessica?" Patric asked.

"Huh? Oh me? I'm supposed to be on Death Island helping the ground troops there. Wait—is that Chris?"

The supply sergeant looked up and groaned. Unfortunately for him, it seems like everyone he knew from high school had been stranded here at the dump. Emily, Charlie, Patric, and now Jessica.

"Great, what's she doing here?"

"Well, she's supposed to be 500 miles away from here, but she fell asleep at the controls and is now threatening to take over my job." Patric explained.

"Whoops?" Jessica said jokingly. "Oh well, might as well help you guys since I'm here anyways."

"What?" Patric screamed. "I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP! YOU'RE TAKING MY JOB! TEAM KILLING IS \*\*MY\*\* JOB!!! MINE!!!"

"Well, I out rank you! So there's nothing you can do about it!" Jessica said back, sticking out her tongue.

It was then that Patric and Chris noticed that Jessica had one more stripe than Patric did. Grumbling, the two had no choice but to give

her a room.

"Fine, you can stay, but tomorrow, you're gonna help me kill someone."

"Heh, that's cool."

"Oh and Chris." Patric added turning towards the poor private.

"Yes?"

"Go fill out some more forms."

"WHAT?! I thought you didn't need me to do that!"

"Well, Jessica here killed our phone service, so looks like I'll literally have to mail in forms. Get going."

"No way man!"

"Or I'll torch your book and video game collection."

"â€|you suck."

"That's nice, now go!! MUAHAHAH!"

--

The day after thanksgiving was rather dull. Everything went back to normal, including Emily's less then festive mood. There was a massive team raid planned, and everyone was trying to get ready. Fortunately for the Blue team, with the arrival of the unfortunate sergeant at Red base, Patric has been toning down with the creepy camping tricks.

One day, Emily was out teaching some of the rookies how to drive a jeep. Patric thought it was a perfect opportunity to take her out. So he and Jessica set out for high ground.

"Okay Jessica, you see that girl over there teaching everyone? She's the one I want dead."

Jessica raised her sniper rifle and found her target. Taking a deep breath, she lowered her sniper. "No! I'm not shooting her! She has pretty shiny hair!"

Patric stared dumbfounded at Jessica. "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?! SHOOT HER!"

"No! She's too purdy!" Jessica said stubbornly before sticking her tongue out at him.

Patric snarled and picked up her sniper rifle. "Fine I'll kill her!" He shouted.

"NUUU!!!" Jessica shouted before she tacked Patric into the ground. After making sure the rifle was dead beyond repair, she commenced to beat the living hell out of the unfortunate corporal. After Patric had lost enough blood to fall into a state of unconsciousness,

Jessica stopped, and dragged him back to base. Finding Chris arguing with the new rookies over supplies, Jessica dragged Patric into the med lab and dumped him in one of the rehabilitation units. Then she stormed out to get a new rifle from Chris. On her way out, a rookie stopped her.

"Umm, Sergeant? I have a notice for you from Captain Dole."

"Waitâ€|What?" Jessica said dumbly. "We have a captain?"

"Well, according to Corporal Patric, we do, but we never see him."

"Ohâ€|" Jessica said. "Thanks."

After the private left, Jessica tore open her note, and discovered that she had been demoted to Corporal. Her face fell. How could this never seen captain know that she crashed a 10 billion dollar project and beat the living crap out of an unfortunate corporal? Her conclusion? He was omnipotent. She looked around nervously.

"Captain Dole. I don't know if you're listening, but if you follow me into the showers, I will KILL YOU!"

With that she stormed off to take a bubble bath.

--

Before everyone knew it, the first snow of December appeared, and the date for the team raid approached. Everyone was excited since the successful team would gain glory and honor while the losing team would remain in shame and humiliation. In a way, nobody had anything to lose. For the raid, Emily had devised a near fool-proof plan, using a warthog as distraction. The beauty of the plan was, it was way to obvious for people to see through it. Since everything was ready, Emily gave her team the day before off. Unfortunately, there she met her Waterloo.

Patric, after learning of the plan from the superior Red intelligence, or lack of Blue encryption equipment, decided to throw a wrench into Emily's plan. Since he was the de-facto CO again after Jessica's demotion, he had a carte blanche to try just about anything, as long as he doesn't make Captain Dole dish out money to cover up his mistakes. So, after acquiring a gallon of pure alcohol from Chris, he snuck into Blue base, and mixed a few drinks inside. After successfully spiking over fifty drinks, Patric returned in bright spirits. So bright in fact, that he decided to feed one of his rookies to Emily's koi fish. He felt good. After nearly half a month of being ordered around by some pansy girl, he could finally get back to torment newbies again.

--

The day of the raid was something special. It was just like one of those old fashioned battles like the ones you see in the American Revolution. Both armies lined up and faced each other. The only thing different was as soon as the whistle sounded, both teams charged towards the other at full speed, firing their assault rifles on full auto, and yelling at the top of their lungs "FOR THE REPUBLIC!!!"

As soon as the battle started, Emily could tell something was wrong. The driver of the warthog seemed to be either suicidal, insane or drunk. He swerved left and right, not really sticking to the proscribed course. Then, as she was figuring out what was going to happen, the warthog plowed through her men, killing most of them. Patric's rookies stared, wondering if they were witnessing a mutiny. Patric just stood by, smiling, because he knew what was happening. Just as Emily remembered that she tasted a whiff of alcohol in the drinks in the party last night, the warthog rammed into her leg, nearly crippling her.

Charlie, Johnson and Smith saw their CO go down, and quickly rushed forward to help. After Charlie shot the driver dead and punctured the tires with around 300 bullet holes, he and the two others dragged Emily into the base. After making sure Emily was safely inside, Charlie stormed out and dropped around thirty fragmentation grenades to keep Patric from advancing.

Seeing that his path was blocked by a mess of grenades, Patric had no idea but to pull back, but he was happy. His plan had worked, and Emily could possibly be dead. When he returned to base, he was received with mixed emotions. Chris was happy that the raid went well and most of the rookies were still alive. Jessica was royally pissed that he had hurt Emily. Patric didn't care though. He was happy, and that's all that matters.

--

Back at Blue base, Emily was struggling with all her might on the operation table. She knew. The Blue team had only one qualified doctor on the Halo installation, and she didn't really trust his surgery, nor did many others who preferred to spend millions on private doctors. But now, she needed emergency surgery so she couldn't be picky, but she was still scared.

"YOU SURE you know what you're doing?" She asked.

"Yeah, positive!" The surgeon, none other than Charlie replied. "I have a medical degree from Brymans!"

Emily groaned. "â€|I'mâ€|soâ€|screwed." Before being put under.

--

Soon after the raid disaster, the entire canyon was covered in snow, so all battle action stopped. However, casualties seemed to continue. Emily lost three rookies getting her koi fish into takes and away from the cold, and Patric took a group of ten rookies into the mountains and returned with only three. In addition to the loss of men, the Red squad also has been suffering from massive nerve loss. Rookies would frequently cry for their moms and hug a teddy bear. Sometimes it got so bad that Jessica and Chris had to put sleeping pills into Patric's drink just to stop the crying.

Blue base intel picked up on atrocities in the Red base, including torturing, killing, mass murders, unorthodox training techniques, and illegal genetics experiments. Emily felt very sorry for these rookies, yet there was nothing to be done. Christmas was almost here

and she had to prepare, as does the rest of the Blue squad.

Christmas crept up on the Blood Gulch population fast, and the day was very festive. The Blue team spend the entire day playing cards, exchanging gifts, and telling stories, while keeping an eye on the Red base for entertainment. Then, sometime in the afternoon, Emily picked up something rather amusing in the sniper scope.

--

Christmas at Red base was more or less a circus. Sure everyone exchanged gifts, but also insults, punches, and even bullets. Yes, casualties occurred on Christmas day too. Luckily for Chris, the last forms he filled, he requested for around a hundred new rookies, so the losses were "insignificant" to him. As the day went by, tempers flared, especially between Chris and Jessica.

That afternoon, Chris "accidentally" shot Jessica in the foot. One disagreement after another, and Jessica pulled out her pistol and shot Chris in the arm.

"You did that on purpose retard!" She yelled before shooting.

"Ow! No I didn't!" He screamed back before shooting her in the foot again.

Patric saw this and immediately broke it up. "Come on guys, now fighting. Team killing is my job. So go inside now!"

Jessica and Chris grumbled and stormed inside, but not before throwing a few punches, kicks and other nasty stuff at each other. Patric had no choice.

"Yo guys. If you hurt yourself, Charlie is the only qualified doctor in this canyon."

The two immediately stopped and hugged each other awkwardly, more or less in a way to choke the other rather than a hug.

Patric sighed. He had no idea what to do with these two, and being that he knew them too well, he couldn't just shoot them like what he does to every other rookie.

--

Back at Blue base, Emily nearly fell over with laughter.

"Man, those two fight like a married couple. First they shoot each other, then they hug."

Everyone else chuckled too.

"Heh, maybe they are a married couple." Charlie offered.

"Yeah maybe." Emily said before returning to the party.

"Merry Christmas everyone!" She called out and everyone cheered in

agreement before drinking and having a fun time.

Blue team may be unluckier than the Red team, but at least everyone's one big happy familyâ€|at least for now.

\* \* \*

>Charlie: â€|thatâ€|wasâ€|longâ€|<p><p>

Erk: Nah, it only took you over a month to write.

Charlie: Hey! I would have it done earlier if I could act like you! Doing nothing everyday, no illnesses, no SATs, no School, just being a LAZY BUM!

Erk: Oh it's on now!

-fights-

Church: â€|it never stops. Oh well, hope you guys liked it. We're sorry for the lateness, and the sorta rushed ending, but he's goin' to Hawaii in a few days so he had to get it out. Well, enjoy and Merry Christmas Everyone!

## 6. The Twilight Zone

Charlie: EEP! SORRYSORRYSORRYSORRYSORRY! Sorry guysâ€|but I had to dedicate January to basically fishing my AP Chemistry grade out of the void. I had a few half assed chapters doneâ€|but I scrapped them. Then writers block set inâ€|and well, you know the deal. Anywaysâ€|I'm trying something different with this one. I got the idea from watching "Fairly odd parents." If ya don't like itâ€|it's just one chapterâ€|anywaysâ€|I got it from talking to my friend Chris and stuff after comp sci. Enjoy.

\* \* \*

>It was a cool winter morning when it all happened. Only seven days after Christmas. That day, everything started out as normal. The opposing "CO" decided to go on his usual rounds sniping unsuspecting newbies and camping our major accessways. All in all, being a general asshole. I should've seen it coming when that first shot he pulled off missed my newest rookie by a few feet. But I just thought it was one of his off daysâ€|but boy was I wrong.<p><p>

Living in the twilight zone is an interestingâ€|if not disturbing experience. And I am here to share with you that experience. Blood Gulch â€" January 1 â€" Feburary 1 2005.

Right after that first sniper bullet missed, my first reaction was that of indifference. I figured if the sniper managed to miss that bad, it must not be Patric. Boy was I wrong. After a while, the constant wirring of the sniper bulletsâ€|though not deadly by a long shotâ€|were getting kind of annoying. So as per routine, I handled the sniper rifle, being the most expierenced soldier there and searched out our culprit. When I saw the red team's demon CO Patric's face staring at me through the other end, cursing about what seems like his lack of ammo, I nearly fainted. The man, usually adept at killing my fresh newbies in his sleep, had just misfired 24 sniper



rifle shots on a slow moving column of men. So taking note of this oddity, I reported back to base, but now I was fully weirded out.

Little did I knowâ€¦more extremities were yet to be seen.

My first impression of Blue base when I got back that day was that it looked more or less like a home than a base. Somehowâ€¦someone had put in a welcome mat at the front, disguised the killer koi moat into a friendly pond, and transformed the once metallic looking structure into a modest middle class house. I staredâ€¦but since there was no connection between our base becoming a page right out of Martha Stewart and Patric's sudden lack of skill, I decided to ignore it. Howeverâ€¦upon entering the base, I discovered the most horrible sight of all.

The base CO, Emilyâ€¦one of the nastiest sergeants in the blue armyâ€¦had an apron on and was baking browies. There was also something about her aura. Usually, she would have this no nonsense screw-up-and-it's-push-ups attitude. Todayâ€¦she had a cute smile plastered on her face, and instead of her regular GI issue uniformâ€¦she wore a bright blouse and a dress in rather light colors. Wondering if I was still dreaming, I proceeded to pinch myself. But alas, I was notâ€¦and thus marked a month long torture forever known in the history books of the Blood Gulch struggles as "The Twilight Zone."

Right after my freakish encounter with Emily, I had discovered that Blue command has sent supplies crucial to our success, another first in the history of this god forsaken canyon. So I decided to check it out. Arriving at the crate, I discovered mounds of health, ammunition, and brand new weapons ranging from shotguns to stolen covenant technology like the needler and fuel rod cannon. More shocked than I was happy, I armed a marine sniper, with the intent of spying using the sniper scope rather than killing.

After perching myself onto secure and high ground, I used the scope to zoom in onto the evil entity known as Red Base. The first thing I noticed was Patric's lack of authority. His skills had further deteriorated to the point where he cannot kill at point blank. Rookies were losing respect for their CO now. The next thing I noticed, was the only girl on the Red squad, an unfortunate merc I knew from High School, and about as girly as my foot, Jessica skippingâ€¦in a dress towards someone one at the opposite end of the canyon with a picnic basket.

Doing a rapid double take, I trained my sniper on the figure at the opposite end. Gasping, I saw that it was none other than our very own Emily. Looking closer, I saw that Emily had a picnic blanket set out. Not really wanting to find out more, I once again trained the sniper towards Red base to glean more clues.

The next oddity I gathered was the presence of a copius amount of fresh faces. These were likely newbies that were just dropped off. I was surprised. The average life expectancy at Red base for a newbie is around 3.5 seconds. Upon investigating, I confirmed the fact that Patric has lost his skill. At this pointâ€¦I pondered. There had to be a logical explanation to this series of unusual yet highly coincidental events. As I ponderedâ€¦one final event led me to my conclusion.

The final oddity came in the form of an explosion. I turned and found the supply tent on fire. Rather than seeing my old high school buddy and Red supply sergeant Chris Liang running from it in fear, I saw something highly out of character for him. Rather than that very unathletic, short-sighted bookworm that I know, he leaped out of the tent with the agility of an olympic decathlete, wielding two Covenant needlers and proceeded to brutally slaughter two rookies who were cowering in fear. Apparently, judging from this size and magnitude of the explosion, someone had detonated three canisters of worthog fuel. However, normally, Chris couldn't care less. However, today he had just flown into a passion and murdered two rookies for the mistake.

Putting one and one together, with everyone acting pretty much the opposite of how they normally act, I can only arrive at ONE conclusion. This Twilight Zone was caused by one suspect, who went back in time and altered the course of history!

Upon arriving at my conclusion, my first act was to thank the lord for not letting me be affected. Then I retreated back to my quarters in Blue base to gather evidence and hopefully, capture the culprit. Gathering my evidence, I made a list of suspects. It was a short list, as there were only few people in this bloody canyon who has survived long enough to commit such an act of heresy.

So working my way down the list, I visited my first suspect: Sgt Emily.

I found her that afternoon, working in her kitchen. She was smiling and humming a cheerful tune. Trying to bottle down my weird feeling of unease that was welling up in the trenchcoat that I had donned for this occasion, I approached her.

"Hello Emily,"

"Hiya." She said happily with a smile. "Cookies? They're fresh."

"Thank you," I said taking one. These cookies were good, I suspected it was her homemade fudge. I was glad that which ever sicko who did this hadn't altered her skill for making fudge. I continued to question her.

"Okay, where were you on the night of the thirty first?"

"Silly." She said with a giggle. "I was with you, training Smith and Johnson on handling ghosts. Remember? You're so funny."

Okay, I saw that this wasn't going very well.

"Why are you baking cookies, why did you paint this place baby blue, and why the hell are you wearing pink!"

"Well, cookies are good. And I thought this place needed a little fluffiness from all the killing. And don't you think this outfit is just SOOO CUTE!"

Not comprehending what had happened to my CO, I grabbed her by the shoulders and shook her.

"WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH EMILY!"

My shaking was in vain. Emily pinched my cheeks and said that I was cute when I act frustrated. Then she proceeded to bake brownies while humming a little tune. I decided to back away from her slowly. It was obvious that she knew nothing of this, so I scratched her name off my list.

From my experience with Emily, I decided not to question my remaining three suspects until later. I wanted to do a bit of snooping around first, hoping that I could find some clues as to what was going on. After all with the oddities in the canyon I was finally free from snipers.

As I wondered around the canyon I found various suspicious occurrences. Blood Gulch rock formations had changed from what they were a month ago. There was also a ghost sized crater in one of the canyon walls which led me to believe that that was the spot that the culprit had breached the time space continuum right here. I moved in closer to examine the charred rocks. The rocks had a blasted feel. They felt like ordinary rocks that suffered from a blast from a rocket explosion a little TOO like ordinary rocks that suffered from a blast from a rocket explosion.

The evidence was piling up. Unusual behaviors now this. The mystery was getting deeper by the moment. One suspect was already marked off as a victim. I had but three left, well four. I supposed Johnson could be counted as a suspect. Smith was too stupid to even try this thing though. So I dismissed him as even being involved.

After checking out the smash crater I went for suspect number two.

Patric Pan, the de facto leader of the Red squad here at Blood Gulch, since their captain was never to be seen. When he saw me coming, he assumed that the Blues were attacking, so he demonstrated his loss of skill by attempting to shoot me with his shotgun. Needless to say, the stray bullets that were even NEAR me got deflected by my energy shield.

"Okay what do you want?" He asked as I got near.

"Obviously you've noticed the strange occurrences right?"

"Oh gee ya THINK!"

I sighed in relief. I wasn't the only insane one or sane one here depends on the definition of sanity in this canyon which is usually quite amorphous.

"Well did you or did you not go back in time and alter the course of history."

"THE HELL DO YOU THINK!" He snapped immediately. "WHY WOULD I MAKE IT SO I CAN'T HIT THE SIDE OF A BARNYARD FROM POINT BLANK! DOES IT MAKE SENSE TO YOU!"

"Well I suppose it doesn't" I said thoughtfully. Drat, there

goes my second suspect. Just then Johnson and Smith wondered by. Patric took a few potshots at them, but did no general harm. So throwing a few curses here and there, he took off.

I confronted Johnson and Smith. Johnson, being also affected by this strange aura, didn't notice anything. However he has become attracted to our CO to a point where he's hopelessly in love with her. I slapped my forehead and let him go peek at her or whatever the heck he wants to do.

Smith I generally ignored. However he did jump around in front of me trying to get me to make him a suspect. I laughed. No self-respecting suspect would be THAT stupid. So I dismissed him. Sadly as I left he kept trying to convince me that he was a suspect. Somehow I don't think "jaywalking" across a tank pathway is illegal in this ring world. So I ignored him for the most part.

Few days later, I was still dry on my search. I had interviewed Jessica, and sadly, I recieved zero feed back. Actually all she did was giggle and try to paint my face or something. It was pretty disturbing. Not to mention the fact she was wearing a pink frilly dress. Scary

Before interviewing my final culprit, I decided to look around for more clues. Several interesting developments occurred however when looked from as a whole it doesn't help at all.

First was the n00b charge. The newbies that Blue base had recieved perceived that the Red CO was practically useless now. So they, without my orders commenced with a newbie charge. Unfortunately, they had not caught on to the fact that Chris had become the super soldier.

Somehow Chris modified his needlers to accept ammo from a drum so when he unloaded around five hundred thousand needles unto my rookies it literally turned the sky purple. The massive explosion caused a rift in the middle of the canyon, and covered the trees with purple soot. Even the sky stayed purple for a few days.

This convinced me that Chris must be the culprit however, another occurrence convinced me otherwise.

A few days later, I found him burning fantasy books and video games, including his favorite GBA, and his dragonlance books. The Chris I knew would NEVER do that to himself even IF he altered the course of history. He probably just give himself more games rather than induce himself to burn them. Besides after considering his character I decided that he wasn't even the type to care that much to alter his skill.

So with nearly four weeks of investigation, 5 suspects questioned, and 72 square miles of land searched I still have no definite conclusion. Hell, I did not even have an indefinate solution.

My only paths now are to continue to search futilly, attempt to reiterate the old Blood Gulch or just blame it all on Smith who now constantly breaks rules that mothers set for their kids like "Don't eat too much cookies before dinner" or "Don't stay up too late" to try to get me to get him as a suspect. Thought it would be a bsd ending to my investigation I didn't have energy to do anything

about it.

Finallyâ€¦I left with no choiceâ€¦I decided to try to bring back the old Blood Gulch. Needless to sayâ€¦nothing would help Patric's sad shooting, giving Chris a book would result in a burning, giving Emily or Jessica anything resembling a weapon and they'll turn it into a "cute lawn ornament."

I was at the end of my wits. January was almost overâ€¦and instead of helping the situation, I only exacerbated it. Emily and Jessica had now painted both bases pink and installed curtains. Patric's gun skills are to a point where he shoots himself more often than not. Chris' taste for blood is only matched by the koi fish.

So sadly, I gave upâ€¦hoping that I would be able to live in this convoluted world.

Then on Feburary the first, something happened that solved my problem.

I wasn't the only one irked by this new order. Patric obviously also hated it. So, in a last ditch attempt to correct everythingâ€¦he turned to suicide bombingâ€¦

Wellâ€¦more or less paying the pelican driver who delivers stats to crash it into the Koi pond.

Emily and I were inside discussing cookies and politics over tea. I had to find a compromise between Martha Stewart and Donald Rumsfeld when talking to her, and I find discussing pastries actually quite interesting. I never knew what went inside of those cookies.

Anywaysâ€¦it was then that we heard the HUGE ass explosion. We both looked upâ€¦

"What was that?" She asked.

"I don't knowâ€¦but it sounded like it came fromâ€¦"

"THE POND!" we screamed in unison.

When we got outsideâ€¦the pelican driver was on the groundâ€¦not quite dead yet. Emily's koi however were no longer alive. I placed a hand on her shoulder, knowing how much she loved her koi. But I saw a change in Emily. Instead of tears of sadnessâ€¦I also saw pure 100 fury. Emily's pink fluffy dress ripped right off. Amazingly, she had her old outfit underneath, which saved me from the showâ€¦whether or not that's a good thingâ€¦well, it's debateable.

Emily, without questionâ€¦pulled out her pistol and shot the driver dead. Then, arming a rocket launcher, she charged the Red base. I saw the carnage even without a sniper rifle.

On the other hand, Jessica once again reverted. She was in a fit because Patric caused her to lose her newfound friend. So once again she donned her sniper gear and began shooting Patric in the leg. Patric, once this act was committed, he seemed to cheer up. His skill returned with his mood as his sniper shots rang true and without fail, my newbies were dead within the hour.

Chris? Well he saw Emily charge at him with demon eyes and a rocket launcher, and barracaded himself in the supply closet, which is rumored to store the world's largest collection of fantasy books. I sighed in relief. Johnson saw Emily in her fit and was once again more scared than infatuated with her. Smith on the other hand, still begged me to be a suspect. I decided to send him into therapy for two weeks.

So after all this passed, I can proudly say that I survived, and solved the mystery of the Twilight Zone. So how did it happen? The world may never knowâ€|but who knowsâ€|there HAS to be a logical explanation to this. But for nowâ€|it is still a mystery to mankind.

Until Later,

Cpl Charlie Wu.

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"Charlieâ€|you spent WAY too much time thinking about these things."

"WAH!" Charlie jumped as he found Emily looking over his shoulder at his writing. "Don't DO THAT!"

"Heh, come on, you're late! We've got a staff meeting to go to."

"Staff meeting? Aren't we the only staff?" I said puzzled.

"Yeahâ€|but that doesn't mean we can't have a meeting right? Besides, I need someone familiar to tort- err I mean talk to."

"Yeahâ€|wait TORTURE! NUU!"

And thus Charlie was dragged by Emily to an undisclosed location. No one knows what happenedâ€|but some people say his body was never foundâ€|other say that Emily's son bear a startling resemb-

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"All right Johnsonâ€|you write one more word of that crap and I will KILL YOU!"

Johnson jumped to see two fuming officers standing behind him.

"Ehhâ€|hehâ€|sorry?"

"You've gotâ€|three seconds" Emily said looking at her watch. "Before I hand Charlie here a shotgun and arm a rocket launcher myself to turn you into minced meat.

"Uhâ€|before you do anythingâ€|I just want to say that I'm REALLY sorry andâ€|"

"Threeâ€|.two."

"Okayâ€|I'll get outta here." Johnson said as he ran for his life.

The next morning, Johnson was found in the toilets, removing pink paint. Charlie and Emily? Well, lets just say that they find sipping lemonade in the bathroom while holding a whip quite enjoyable.

Poorâ€|poor Johnsonâ€|

\* \* \*

>Charlie: Yeahâ€|bad endingâ€|but it's funny. I liked writing in first person with little dialogue. Well, sorry for the long wait again. RR please. Luv ya lots.<p><p>

End  
file.